



The Register

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2010

the register

VOLUME CXXXI

SPRING ISSUE

The Register is published twice a year by the students of the Boston Latin School. Students in Classes I through VI are invited to submit their original writing and artwork. Pieces are selected by the Editorial Board of *The Register* on the basis of quality, not name recognition; the writers of all pieces remain anonymous to the Editorial Board during the selection process to ensure that no one is given an unfair advantage.

◆ DEDICATED To ◆

MS. NANCY O'MALLEY

For forty years, Nancy O'Malley has implored her students to "find the right words." While it seems like a simple enough directive, for those who write it can be the world's greatest challenge. It requires weighing all the subtleties and shades of emotion that exist in between the hard extremes of language. It requires patience, discipline, and dedication to the craft. And, of course, it requires time, of which there never seems to be enough. With the publication of this Spring 2010 issue of *The Register*, our time working with Nancy is up. She moves on to another chapter in her life, presumably one that involves more time at the beach. But her legacy will continue to be on display in the pages of this magazine.

This 375th anniversary year has been a time for members of the Latin School community to reflect on the traditions that make it a special institution, while also looking forward to our bright future. *The Register* is the school's oldest publication and is certainly a tradition worth celebrating. Under Nancy's stewardship however, the magazine has been brought fully into the digital age. It is a vivid and dynamic celebration of the work of our students as well as a fitting tribute to their hard work, patience, and dedication. In these pages we recognize those who are able to "find the right words." Heartfelt thanks to Ms. O'Malley for helping us get there.

—Jonathan S. Mulhern



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SPRING 2010

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
VOLUME CXXXI, ISSUE II

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John Pow, BLS '51

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The Register would like to thank the Boston Latin School Association for their utmost dedication and financial support in celebrating quality student artwork and writing.





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Colorblind Dreams, Watercolor, Pen & Ink
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Concrete Rose, Colored Pencil
Rose Phan, I



Sand Brothers

Christopher Delumes sat in the cold wet sand, close enough to the water to stay cool, but not so close that he could get soaked when the waves licked the shore. He stared out into the thin white horizon, the sun baking his bare back, with his fingers intertwined and his elbows resting on his folded up knees. He didn't move. Then, he heard footsteps behind him, slow and quiet steps like someone trying to get something from his bedroom while they thought that their older brother was asleep. They crept towards him, stopped, came a little closer, stopped, then finally tiptoed right behind him and tapped him on the back. "Chris?"

Marcus' older brother didn't turn around. "What do you want, Mark?"

Marcus was relieved at the tone in his brother's answer. When Chris was angry, he was really angry. But, right now he sounded regular. He sat on the sand next to him and looked into the skyline at the edge of the ocean. He glanced at his tall dark brother. Christopher was scary looking if you didn't know him. He was really tall and muscular with black eyes that were always angry, even when he wasn't. Marcus looked back into the ocean then at his brother again. he stared at him when his glance wasn't returned.

"What is it, Mark?"

"You're not mad anymore," Marcus said. And it wasn't a question.

"No. Not anymore."

They were quiet for a while. Marcus took off his shirt and shorts and sat in the sand in his swimming trunks like his older brother. He stared at him again.

"Yes, Mark."

"You were mad before."

"Yeah, I know."

"Mad at me because I made Mom die, right?"

Finally, Christopher moved. He looked downwards t the sand in front of him and twiddled his thumbs. He said, "You didn't make her die. She was sick and she just never got better. Had nothing to do with you."

"Want to go swimming?"

Christopher looked at his brother. "Huh?"

"Dad say to go swimming when you're sad. He said being in water washes the sad stuff away."

"I'm not sad."

"So, you're angry again?"

"No, I'm not angry either."

"So, that means you're happy. You have to be. 'Cause that's the only one left, you know."

Christopher shook his head and stood up. He wiped the grains of sand that stuck to the back





The Calming View of the Ocean, Oil
Justine Wang, VI



of his trunks. Then he punched his brother's shoulder and started to walk back up the beach to the parking lot. He said, "Not if you're a big kid, Mark. You have different feelings besides those then."

Marcus let his older brother's words sink in before he asked, with his eyebrows narrowed and his short arms folded across his tubby stomach as he walked close behind him, "You mean that you're in love, Chris?"

Christopher smiled. "No, stupid. I meant feelings that are a mixture of happy and sad and mad. Right now, I kind of feel them all. I'm a little mad at Dad for wanting to remarry. I'm sad because Mom died when you were born—" He stopped for a while.

"Yeah me, too," Marcus suddenly said quietly. He stopped walking and sighed.

Christopher looked backed at his younger brother as a tear fell down his small round face. Christopher went to him and kneeled down so he could face him.

"I'm sorry, Chris. I really am. Mom is gone and it's all my fault. I was a stupid baby."

"Aw, man, that was about four years ago. And it wasn't your fault at all. You had nothing to do with it."

"Dad says it was my fault."

"Dad lied."

Marcus wiped his face, getting sand all over it. "But, you're still sad about it, Chris."

"Yeah, but want to know why I'm happy?"

Marcus nodded. "Because you're in love, Chris?"

This time Chris laughed. "Because I have an awesome little brother, stupid!" He noogied Marcus' head gently. "Couldn't have asked for a better one. just look at how much you cheered me up."

Marcus gave a half-hearted grin. "I'm glad I made you happy, Chris."

They were quiet again. Marcus kept staring at the sand. Chris studied his face. "You okay little man?"

Marcus shook his head.

Chris thought for a moment then grabbed his younger brother. He lifted him into the air then held him agains his chest. "Hey, Marcus." he asked, "want to go swimming?"

Marcus smiled and nodded.

— Thomas John, V





Toes in the Sand, Acrylic
Marina Williams, I





Now, Acrylic, Collage on Canvas
Aurelia Paquette, IV

VICTORIA OPTICAL

— A TRIBUTE —

I realize that I will never see your gentle and knowing face again.

Only in photographs, only in the memories I have of you in my childhood.

You were the one who saved something dear in my life.

I see the world because of you.

The savior of my vision.

Five years ago my transformation began and my vision deteriorated along with it. With each passing year my eyesight got worse and worse until all I could make of people were mere silhouettes, waiting to be painfully discerned. I was enlisted to become a patient of yours. Eight years ago, entering the optical place, I smelled orchids that calmed me almost immediately. I looked around the place, many frames were placed in a highly organized order, display cases polished and shined, and photos of celebrity patients lived behind certain cases. This made me think that the optometrist is a very organized and very well trusted person, for celebrities were his patients and the orderly displays were clean. As a child I thought most doctor visits were slightly uncomfortable but when I saw the optometrist, a doubt entered my mind: Perhaps this optometrist would be different. I had suffered at the hands of another optometrist prior to this one, and my vision had pummeled drastically. He was well-dressed and middle aged – a veteran of optometry. I entered the examination room and saw the optometrist jolt down many notes. After being examined with lights from the slit-lamp biomicroscope and the auto refractor, I saw the optometrist jolt down every single result, being as precise as possible, giving off the air of a professional. True that every optometrist is expected to have this level of professionalism, but sometimes certain optometrists could be lacking and can cause more harm than good. I saw infinite certificates on the walls of the examination room, from Harvard, Tufts, New England Medical Center, the list goes on. His daughter's growing certificates lined a single wall. I exit the examination room. "Remember to be aware of the distance you read, try to keep the book or homework two feet away from you." Several days later, I got my first pair of accurately prescribed glasses, which kept me from squinting for a good deal of time. This optometrist restored the hope I lost for optometrists and I looked forward to the next visit.

Another visit. I was in sixth grade and my vision has worsened significantly. "This is new optical technology and it will help your eyes from getting worse so quickly. It's rather expensive but it's better than having your eyes worsen. It's also more convenient since you are a student and you





Ian Haines, III, Photography



won't have to wear anything in the day time. It reshapes your cornea when you're asleep." He was one of the first optometrists in New England to launch Ortho-K, and even in the year 2010, I see many posters in his optical place promoting it. He really changed a very important part in my life. He inspired me to be an optometrist then and I still remember his kind and care. His words weren't for the sake of promoting an expensive product and profiting from it, but out of concern for his patients. I still use these lenses, and every night that I wash them, I couldn't forget the moment he introduced me to them.

Yet another visit. I was panicking to his daughter, his optometrist-in-training and a BLS alum, about recommendations and how I lacked any form of communication with other teachers and professionals. He came up to me and poked me in the arm. Yes, *poked*. I was amused. Then he jabbed his thumb at himself, and said, "I can write you a recommendation" with a slight smile on his face. I was extremely amused. A normal optometrist would never offer such a time-consuming task. A normal optometrist usually wouldn't go out of his way to help someone with something so irrelevant to his profession. I later saw optometrists-in-training smiling behind him. This isn't an ordinary optometrist, their smiles said. And I believed them.

One of the final visits. I was waiting to be examined by his daughter for the condition of my eyes. I was reading and when I looked up, he was peering at what I was so intensely reading.

"Do you like to read?"

"Yes I do, it's very enjoyable."

"That's good", he smiled, "Reading is good."

So fatherly.

Another visit. I visited his daughter and I told him, "Sorry for bothering you so much. I hope you don't mind." He just smiled and shook his head, "No, not at all."

After that I just remember seeing him from the outside of Victoria Optical with his daughter beside him, a totally unique reflection of her father.

I couldn't accept the news. I am a junior now and when my father told me of the news regarding my optometrist's untimely departure from this world, I was reminded that the reality I lived was really just a continuous dream. I didn't accept it; I couldn't accept it. When his daughter told me herself, my fears were confirmed. She is the one that suffered the most from his passing and this is a terrible time for her. I couldn't find the right words to grasp this new reality.

Now that this reality is accepted, I think I remember a time when I told him that I wanted to be his shadow one day, an optometrist-in-training. I think I remember him saying yes and that he would be glad, and then I shook his hand. I think this was what happened, or what I subconsciously wanted to happen then. My mind is confused from this loss. It was never to be done.

A few months well into 2010, I was sitting in the examination room of an ophthalmologist and doctor that my optometrist referred me to. While discussing the condition of my eyes and the



examination needed, the ophthalmologist asked me, “Did you know that Dr. Cheng passed away?” “Yes, and it’s very unfortunate.” “Well, his daughter, the current Dr. Cheng, will be able to do the same [examination] for you.” I found myself smiling. Dr. Cheng the Elder isn’t gone, he’s still here.

Now every time I enter Victoria Optical I see the same certificates, the same displays, the same instruments, the same almost everything. I see no differences except his absence and the rearrangement of the display cases. When I entered the examination room, I noticed a difference.

I remember his daughter telling me how he had poor health and she tries her very best to take care of him. I was and still am impressed with his self-earned prosperity. He managed to uphold his family’s occupation, managing both Victoria Optical locations in Hong Kong and in Boston. Victoria Optical was established in 1957, with four generations of optometrists, and Dr. Cheng was one of the generations.

The difference I see, that very difference that I didn’t realize until I entered the examination room – the certificates. The certificates that once only spanned to a single wall, now nearly overtakes the other certificates. The current Dr. Cheng, I see, is his legacy. She once shadowed her father but now I see both she and her shadow. He’s still alive. Just that both his experience and personality is in the form of his daughter.

REST IN PEACE – DR. EUGENE CHENG
AUGUST 23, 1943 – JANUARY 29, 2010

— Cecilia Kwong, II

LBJ, Pencil
Kristen Louie, II





Untitled, Colored Pencil
Tan Gao, III



fish

Above him, the sky stretched like a highway to heaven
And he greeted His latest gift with a grunt
A plane flew loudly towards God, bearing behind
it a banner: easy, breezy, beautiful like the sky itself
his boat chugged proudly in the floodwaters, laden with the
Shimmer-splatter and struggling shine of bass
his face was spangled with their silver and sea-sun
Mountain upon mountain, the land brimmed full until
Suddenly it overflowed, its life too much for earth
And became the blue waters of heaven
And yet for him whose life sprang from the flood
there was only fish boat sky plane mountain God
No ocean? He dared not look
For fear his last catch had left it dry

— Annie Osborn, I

untitled

The disastrous can keep the time in.
It can push it through the doorway, and back into the time where it once was.
Where it rained and snowed for centuries,
But showed no sense of getting along the tracks of the forgotten railroad.
The sun, then hidden beneath a pane of smoky gray wind,
Ceases to extinguish.
And when you open the door, a small victory wells up,
And suddenly overpowers you,
When you're finally exhausted from staying up all night,
To watch the drizzle of entertainment float past your window,
And beyond the gears of imagination in your mind.
The stage it has rendered lovely,
Is now unclean.

— Audrey Milite, V





Calypso, Acrylic
Angela Estevez, I



The Courtyard Musician

The opening buds of spring sway swaying delicately in the sweet winds of March, welcoming him into the courtyard. The breeze wafts by him, tussling his hair and enveloping him in sweetly-scented air.

He sighs.

The man takes heavy steps across the courtyard to his customary bench. His guitar weighs him down like the dew still on the green grass, the strap of its case cutting into the flesh of his shoulder. He gratefully slides it off his shoulder and onto the ground. His wrinkled, fumbling hands zip open the case. It lays open, revealing the guitar. The mahogany surface shines against the light of the rising sun, reflecting his dark lined face against its dark smooth surface. He was once so proud of this guitar.

His joints moved stiffly as he lifts the instrument out of its case and sits himself upon a nearby bench. His eyes close. His hands glide across the strings. His lips open.

The melodies tumble out of his mouth and fly across the courtyard, intertwining with the full rich notes rising from his hands until they are one, until they fill the courtyard to the brim with beauty.

The lines on his face wipes away.

The hours pass. The sun wakes at last, raining light and warmth from above onto the courtyard. The flowers' heavy blossoms catch the light of the sun and sparkle vainly in their short beauty.

The shoppers, businessmen, businesswomen, and students come and go, cups of steaming coffee in their hands, cell phones and iPods in their ears. They chatter incessantly, up and over one another. The ruckus that is the city.

His music stifles in that din. He vanishes into the backdrop in that crowd. Though he continues playing, the lines reappear on his face.

The day passes. The empty guitar case remains empty.

The flowers are aged now, their youthful beautiful gone and unappreciated. The sun gives up. It starts to sink, slowly, mournfully, its crimson light splashing across the sky.

Suddenly, air whooshes pass him. It cuts into his stupor. He hears laughter and wheels on cobblestones, followed rapidly by high heels and the swish of shopping bags.

The old man opens his eyes and looks up for the first time that day. It was the first the passerby had gotten close to him.

"Chad!" A woman cries out shrilly. The boy grins mischievously, his cheeks flushed with excitement. He kicks one of his heels back and rolls towards the woman.



“I don’t have any time for games, Chad! Those shoes will be taken from you if you don’t stop running ahead of me!” She hisses, panting heavily from the run.

The woman grabs Chad by the hand. They begin to walk together. Her voice rises again, lecturing obstinately. He pouts, but does not reply, settling himself instead to roaming the courtyard with his bright brown eyes. They fly over the musician, stall, double back, and fix on him. The musician feels the boy’s gaze washing over him, but allows his gaze, moving obliviously on with his song.

Chad pulls his mom’s hand. She pauses in mid-sentence, looks at him, then at the direction of his gaze. She grips her son’s hands tighter and quickens their pace. He pulls again. She shakes it off. He pulls again. His lips stick out dangerously.

The woman finally halts, her lips pursing and her eyes rolling in a practiced way. Her arms drop the shopping bags dangling from her wrist onto the ground carelessly while she dips into her purse. She mutters bitterly, “In this economy...”

Her hands finally seize upon a few bills. She thrusts them at the boy. He flashes her a toothy grin and rushes to the musician. Chad smiles shyly as they make eye contact. He places the bills in the empty guitar case. The musician nods his thanks, even has his hands and mouth keep making music.

His eyes watch Chad as he runs back to his mom. She seizes his hand again. They walk up the steps, away from the Courtyard. Their silhouettes dwindle, disappear into the twilight.

The musician waits until all traces of them had left before stooping down and continuing onward, making music no one hears. And yet his eyes sparkle and his face is alight with new joy. He plays until the sun disappears, until the Courtyard is as empty as when he first began.

He would be here tomorrow.

— Nhu Le, IV



the evergreens

Think grasshoppers, new trees of spring, full of life and promise for the coming months. Think lazy leaves with friendly caterpillars nibbling at the edges. Smell freshly mown grass in the summer, then again after a summer shower. Feel the ever-fading beauty of nature, sorely missed yet quick to return. Feel soft yet excited, it is spring, and life has only begun. Feel the cool moss on the face of a rock or the base of a tree. Taste the bright and pungent lick of limes, bursting with flavor. Hear the trees happily swaying in the wind, pregnant with life and budding wildly. Know that this kind of green is new and naive, but the evergreens know. They are deep and wise. They watch as all the other green fade, once so vibrant and excited. The evergreens know. Covered in bark, hardened by winter, their only friend. The young ones pray for spring and summer, but they know they will dry and suffer, awaiting autumn and her close behind killer, the snow. Until then, the evergreens will watch the wild grasses, the laughing leaves, and the shrubbery becomes fat with berries and fruit. The evergreens know this beauty, but also the loss soon to follow, unfailingly awaiting each and every lovely thing. Somehow a miracle child rises from their dust, beginning the cycle over, with no recall of the fate it is awaiting. But the evergreens know. This is why they have needles instead of the flat faces of the other trees. Thin slivers of dark dark green under the weight of wisdom. The evergreens bear no fruit, only a flower disguised as bark. They may not be beautiful, but indeed they carry what the others cannot. The evergreens have both sides of the path. The evergreens always know.

— Jenna Palermo, I





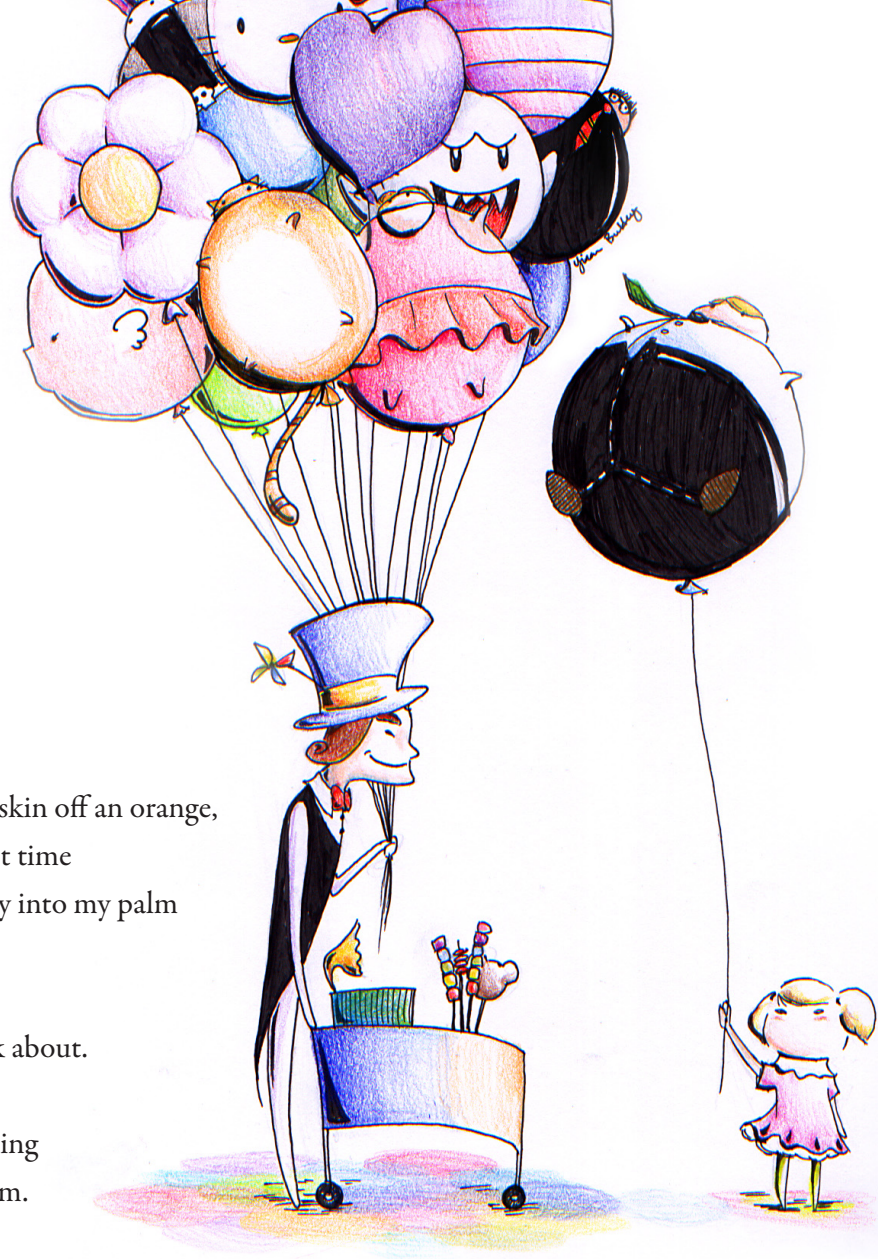
Untitled, Photo Manipulation
Christine Tran, III & Wendy Du, III



oranges

Hours peel off the clock like the skin off an orange,
Bit by bit, uncovering more sweet time
Minutes trickling, cool and sticky into my palm
Picking seconds out of my teeth,
The little stringy bits of measure
That are the last things you think about.
I juggle a few tick-tocks,
The satisfying sounds compensating
For all the times I can't catch them.
The alarm clock blares.
I slam the "sleep" button,
Then shuffle out to the kitchen
For orange juice

— Lian Parsons, V



Untitled, Colored Pencil
Yiran Buckley, III





Untitled, Colored Pencil

Tan Gao, III



comfort foods

She loved food. And sweets best of all. Her life did not flood back, did not line itself up, by dates. It lined itself up by foods.

The scent of sunshine and water brought her to the sea water taffies she happily ate by the seashore. Her grandmother, already aged then, watched her stare at the mighty crashing waves and talk. “An astronaut!” she had yelled, “That pretty lady on the news! Wait, no! Can I Dr. Seuss instead?” Her grandmother would only laugh.

Ice-cream was exclusively her father’s. When she ran home with her first report card ever, glowing with praises, he had taken her out. Licking off the chocolate ice-cream running down her hand, she recounted all of her awe-inspiring, strike-of-a-genius comments and answers. Her dad had rubbed her head “Keep it up,” he said, his eyes shining.

Salty pretzels always tasted like tears and sawdust. She remembered the first time she had bought it, when a “C+” still burned like acid in her stomach. She had stared at it, knowing it wasn’t a mistake but not understanding it. She couldn’t cry then, with the laughing crowds around her. So she stuffed it deep into her bag, and plastered a smile on her face. As she downed the school’s signature salty pretzels, she vowed – prayed – the next would be better.

Her mom had baked her brownies, when she was still alive. She loved them; but on that day, they laid on the table, cold and untouched, as she ripped the report card to shreds. It made no difference, really. Her father had signed. This was only a copy - but it made her feel better. Then she forced the overly sweet brownies down, looking at the table, seeing her father’s eyes.

Truffles were for rejections. She had placed each from the gold box into her mouth, all at once, the TV blaring. “How could you?” her voice came back to her. They had shrugged, their eyes embarrassed with the barest hint of infuriating pity. “I’m sorry. There just weren’t enough spots on the team, and... you know how it.” She didn’t want their damn pity. It had been her wish, her dream, for so long. She had worked so hard! The bittersweet chocolate melted slowly on her hot tongue as she listened for the door slam. She waited for her dad, for his question, for her unchangeable answer, for the reaction she now knew so well.

She brought the humble pie to her lips, finishing the slice bite by bite. By her laid the letter from New York University, crumbled into a ball. The slice of pie in front of her blurred. After so many years practicing disappointment, she should’ve been able to hold her tears back; and yet they spilled over, falling one by one onto her hand, onto the pie. She kept eating.

She scooped chocolate ice-cream out from the pint between her legs, and brought it to her lips. The familiar taste overwhelmed her taste buds, traveling lazily down her stomach. Her clothes were packed. Her air tickets were safe in her wallet upstairs. Still, her father fussed, checking and double-checking. He scowled reproachfully, looking at her there on the couch. She looked at him, her eyes sparkling. She shrugged in a devil-may-care attitude, leaning back on the sofa and watching the bright fall sky outside the window. He sighed, but his eyes shone a little like it used to, as he turned to check her luggage yet again.

— Nhu Le, IV





Pepper Pots, Watercolor, Pen & Ink
Faith Zeng, I



near

Once upon a time
a fairy tale with stained pages
the cackle cackle of a mad witch's rages
Once upon a time
a promised future as it may seem
the snatching of *her* hope and dream
Once upon a time
a darkness so complete
the beckoning lantern lays, obsolete
Once upon a time
a climax of the plot well written
the main character, so stupidly smitten
Once upon a time
a chorus of *their* shrieks both so true
the pleading – “damn!” the fury – “damn *you!*”
One last upon a time,
an ending near, this wrong passion *he* will take,
afraid that everything is fake,

happily never after for her them you and him.

— Connie Chang, VI





Anala, acrylic paint
Mariah Harrington, I



Substitute for Love, Photography
Camlinh, I



on a tuesday morning

Austin Nash was cold. The air hung around him, slowly freezing itself, reddening his nose and cheeks, and hunching his shoulders deeper into his nightblue scarf. He kept his eyes fixed through black sunglasses that were too big for him onto the snowy sidewalk as he tread under the skeletons of trees and remains of birds' nests. His feet were starting to freeze in his back-to-school converses as they marked his path in the clean white snow. His legs were cold beneath his baggy jeans. As a matter of fact, his hands, gloved in black mittens, and his torso, protected with a forest green autumn jacket, were the only two things on Austin that were warm.

Even his heart was cold.

It was frozen. He felt like a bit of the heart-sicle had broken off, plummeted downward and stabbed his stomach. And he knew that his mother wouldn't care. She never did. And now his father had went and moved out of Barnbury, cracking his heart and leaving him with her, an aching belly, and a lack of appetite on a Tuesday morning.

He was nine. His father had been gone for two months now and he thought he had gotten used to it. But, how could you honestly get used to losing your father, he wondered, really get used to losing your father? You only got one. If he went, that was it. No other man could truly take his place. How could you ever be comfortable without him home again? Especially when he wasn't even dead, but simply somewhere else, having absolutely no wish for coming back to see you?

Yesterday at recess this had dawned on him. The minute Max Wellers had boasted about his football skills yelling, "Who's your Daddy? Yeah! Who's your Daddy!" and slapping his hands against the palms of other team members and friends watching on the side. Austin had never thought about that before, and now that he did, he really didn't know who his Daddy was at all.



No, wait, yes, he did know. And he loved him and was greatly loved back. It was his mother that he didn't love and his mother that his father did his mother didn't love. It was his mother that was the problem and his mother who didn't care.

He stopped walking when he got to the bus stop. He planted his feet into the snow and kept his sunglasses peering at the ground.

Seven minutes later, he heard footsteps coming towards him and didn't have to look up to see who they belonged to. Dark River Greene came over and stood beside him just as they saw the bus coming around the corner a block away. She should have been his friend, if she wasn't a girl of course and if it wasn't such a huge deal for a boy to have a girl for a best friend. Publicly, they were what kids at school called "family friends", kids forced together because their parents were close.

But, to himself, Austin considered River a best friend. She was everything that they were in those books and movies. She was sincere, supportive, caring and liked him for who he was. And she liked bugs. A quality that was hard to find in girls a lot these days, unless they were going out of their way to act like tomboy or something stupid like that.

He could see River looking at him in the corner of his eye. Her two long black braids were snaking with the wind and her coffee brown face was concerned. "You're here early," she said.

"Didn't want any breakfast."

"Something wrong?"

Austin watched the question whisper out of her mouth in a puff of white then fade into thin air. The bus was four sidewalk squares closer. He turned and faced his friend who could always see behind his glasses and straight to his character. "I really miss him," he said quietly.

River looked down at her tanned moccasins. "Oh."

"I don't think I even remember him."

River looked up again and gave him an empowering look with her hazel eyes. She took his left elbow in her hand forcing him to face her again. "Of course you do, he only left a few weeks ago. Even I remember him."

"I know, but I feel like I remember how he felt but not really who he was, you know?" he paused and grinned a little. "Man, that sounded weird."

River smiled. "Yeah." They were quiet for a second before she asked, "Does it feel bad?"

Austin went back to staring at the ground. "No. But, I feel bad. At least, right now I do."

River nodded understandingly. "It'll go away soon. And I doubt his feel, and he himself will be gone for long. My mom said sometimes when parents go and divorce, the parent who leaves usually stays away for a while because they need to 'steam'. But, then they start to feel sad and visit their kid a lot. You'll forget the bad feeling when your dad comes to visit. That's what she said, anyway. But, I'm sure that she's right."

The bus came to a stop on the slushy street and its yellow rod and flashing stop sign folded out from its sides. The bus door opened and Mr. McDonald gave them a grumpy look as they



climbed inside the huge, smelly, and yellow machine.

River sat down next to a girl from her art class after giving Austin's elbow a squeeze. He smiled at her under his glasses then began to walk to his seat in the back of the bus. Then the vehicle began to travel while he was mid-aisle, and the motion caused the liquid in his ears to confuse themselves. He tripped and fell with his face hitting the cold floor.

River jumped out of her seat to help him up as the other kids on the bus, including the girl she was talking to, began to laugh at him. "Oh my God! Did you just see that?!" she said before realizing her bus buddy had left her seat.

"Settle down back there!" growled Mr. McDonald and the bus turned a sharp corner just as Austin regained his balance. He fell on his back and another roar of laughter echoed around the bus.

River clasped her mittens around his and pulled him up. He stood in front of her and adjusted his glasses. "Thanks." He blinked back his urge to cry.

She smiled. Then her eyes flew towards the top of his head and she looked around. "Where's your hat?"

Austin turned around and saw his hat lying under his seat in the back. He ran over to it and dusted it off before putting on his head and sitting down. Everyone had stopped laughing now and just talked and giggled among themselves. He watched River return to her seat at the front of the bus and then his eyes shifted to the snowy scene outside his window. He watched his view like a TV screen, as the bus stopped and went and stopped and went for more kids to get on. He only turned his face away from the window when he saw a father and son walking to school together. The son's wool hat had fluttered off his head as the wind rushed by him and he and the father had laughed and had turned around to chase it. Austin took off his father's baseball cap that he wore everyday and hugged it.

And that's when he knew that River was wrong about something.

He would never forget how this had felt.

— Thomas John, V





Isabella, Photography
Jelyn Masa, I

mus ing?

I am of empty thought,
machinations brewed and lost,
 deepening scars of
ends once fought (for)
 superfluous lessons
peasants once taught

Every musing lovingly sought,
risky and rebellions like
 a capricious plot
 taken from mind,
extravagant from start,
I am of empty thought.

Or like a poem,
read and forgotten,
are words merely I? Or
 I merely broken?

— Patricia Wise, IV



BLACK THOUGHT

I stand here waiting unseen, for in the dark night who could see me
When my skin is as dark as my surroundings
I blend in my being faded, into the ground seemingly out of sight
Without a sound
My skin is as black as licorice, which is ironic because life is bitter sweet
I reside in midnight's light, which is light's absence, so there is none
But no, I am not the absence of light, but more like the presence of darkness
Unseen, Unknown, but still there
But I refuse to be unheard, my voice as sonorous as the wind amongst the trees
And as sharp as the hawk's cry and can be seen in the mind's eye
And if my pen is mightier than their sword than let its black blood seep into
This page so my image can be seen
Let it paint upon the canvas of the mind, conveying pictures unknown before
A silhouette of my presence perhaps, which would make the unseen seen, almost
like the black dream, these are my black thoughts

— Justin Singletary, III



Killer to My Lover, Pencil
Ashley Hernandez, III

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I doubt Jane Austen ever imagined,
 that her works might one day be revisited by zombies
or that H.G Wells could see
his Martians pictured in a movie scene,
 fighting against a blond boy in blue.

Who just so happened to believe in his own Martians,
 and a Intergalactic tyrant named Xenu,
who may have mistakenly created the human race,
 funny,
how something so murky could ever seem fluid:
the equivalent of mistaking water for quicksand.

Some things — we learn the hard way.
 my lesson today
my greatest success will never grace the big screen,
never be written in a newspaper, or anchored on the news
my medium stationery
and my tool, my pen,
inked F,
 and the words, “not your own.”

— Emmanuel Oppong-Yeboah, II





Gateway to the West, Photo Manipulation
Michael Sahagian, II





Dreamy, Acrylic
Justice Tocker, I

Definitions

I love the way your feet fall on the pavement.
I love the way our shadows grow and fade away, almost superficially.
We hide in them, because we're comfortable.
We avoid talking, because there is not much more to say.
I love the way you look past the rainy coffee shop window, up at me.
I love the way that we sat, outside the funeral home, happy.
To some extent we understood what we didn't before.
And left feeling full and in each other's confidence, the way we always do.
I love the outlook you have...on... everything.
I love that you know exactly when to take out your camera,
When the sun is shining flawlessly on the red engine you capture,
And that you share your poems with me.
I love the sound that your old bike makes.
I love the way we can walk, just you and I, and it doesn't matter how long we do.
All that matters is that we're walking in the right direction.
We get lost along the way, naturally.
I love the way that we go searching for things that are out of our reach.
I love the awful goodbyes we've shared,
When you move away and I'm left with the memory of your fish tattoo,
And I think of you often.
This is not a love poem.
It's a thank you note to you.
Because really, where's the comparison?

— Grace Pearson, III





Ask, Photography
Maya Nojehowicz, II



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Daddy's, Acrylic Paint
Justice Tocker, I

Limestone and Marble

My mother grasped my hand tightly as we rolled and screeched through the London underground. Lights flashed and I pondered my own reflection in the glass of the sliding door; the dark, roughly hewn walls of the ancient tunnel racing behind the ghostly impression of my face. I shifted my gaze to the figure next to mine in the glass panel, and found myself staring, unable to stop. A young woman stared despondently off in one direction. Her hair, turned muddy in the passing gloom of the tunnel, was sleek and hung weightlessly down her back. One hand wrapped around the steel pole, like white ivy twisting gently up a baroque column. As the train cranked to a stop, I found myself falling backwards into my mother, knocked back by the bright lights of the train station, stunned by the unannounced interruption of my speculation. Still dazed, I felt her pull me into the blue and purple station, and felt a moment's panic when I realized that I was leaving this woman, this dark shadowy figure, whose visage rivaled that of any Madonna, Venus or Eve that I had ever seen. With a strong hold on my rebellious arm, my mother hauled me out of the mass of people, tore me from my mirror-self and the blond angel who could only have been an illusion.

We were there to see things. I must've seen many things because there were and are still pictures of me, climbing aged bronze statues, smiling rigidly into the sunlight in front of



a castle, next to a statue of Wellington, tossing pennies into sputtering fountain, watching a boat on the Thames; everywhere, seeing everything. But somehow, I have only remembered very little. The colors washed from my mind until they were somehow lost in the murky, jagged brown of the tunnel, and only the beautiful and the ugly remained. We emerged into daylight, my mother's grip as firm as ever, as if she had guessed that I would run back in anxious search, in order to discover the true color of the stranger's hair, to determine whether her skin was limestone or marble, wood or canvas, to verify, whether she was indeed as unearthly as I had imagined. She passed as quickly from my seven-year old mind as she had come. I had found a fascinating new landscape to explore: Parliament Square. It seemed to be an unnatural place, elongated when I looked in some directions, and oddly flattened when I looked in others. Buses rose higher than streetlights, gutters stretched out underneath my shoes, buildings with spires drifted up into nothingness, then slid into squat medieval structures that covered entire blocks.

It is sometimes possible to see too much, to be unprepared for too much compression and elongation, so much irregularity. Our next destination was Westminster Abbey, a timeworn gothic church where, it has been said, that people are buried upright in crumbling walls and musty crypts. There was one last thing to see, the tour guide said, as she led us around the side of the Abbey. There, jutting freakishly out of the stone façade into the London sky, was the most atrocious thing I had ever seen. Its mouth stretched out in a grimace no human face could possibly make and its eyes bulged and rolled, an abomination in the final stages of its death; heinous in its appearance, and repulsive in its abnormality. What was it doing there? What demons flew about the stonework, torturing it? Or was it a demon itself, ugly, but rendered harmless by the rock encasing its evil? And soon they were everywhere. These open mouthed, grotesquely carved gargoyles lined the walls of Westminster, each one distinctive, each one more dreadful than the last. Both fascinated and appalled, I opened my mouth and screamed.

This happens to me, so it must happen to everyone. This outright rejection of the indefinite, this appreciation of polarized entities all seemed comfortably simple to me. The world worked in rock; I could trust to see things for what they were and never need to judge a second time.

Walking along the ledge of the wall enclosing the grassy area in front of my sister's dorm, I can see the river slightly obscured by the cars whizzing by on Storrow Drive. Fall in Boston sets in early; darkness always descends before you are ready for it. I begin my trek back to Harvard Square, passing through streets and unlighted alleys that have never frightened me, even on nights when the moon is entirely obscured. As I turn the corner onto Brattle Street, light cuts a sharp path across a cobbled walkway, and I stop abruptly in my tracks. And stare, unable to look away. This time, there is no mirror, no blackened panel to blur a merciless reality. The man sitting against the wall lifts his head slowly and looks me directly in the eyes, challenging me to run, daring me to





"T", Acrylic
Isabel Hibbard, I

scream, but begging me to judge a second time. His nose is a raw stub, his left nostril, slit-like. His jaw protrudes at an odd angle out of his face, a misplaced bone stretches his lips, and lends him a terrible, permanent grimace. The same accident that had twisted his jaw likely knocked out his teeth as well, for his open-mouthed gape was raw, red and pained. The man's eyes, which still follow my own, bulge in challenge; he is nearly crazed in his desperation for me to react. The scarred and deformed body sits rigidly against the brick wall, a granite monster seemingly ready to leap out. But, he had wanted me to judge a second time. I still don't know why I did. In his eyes, I read fear, torment, a life-time of sufferings that now overshadow some happy past. I perceive a man, possibly once beautiful, once able to speak in words, perhaps once his own entity, but now cursed to an eternity chained, cemented, to a wall. I behold pride and color, and a lump grows in my throat as I realize that surely this man must have been fashioned out of limestone, marble, wood, and canvas, so very long ago. That he must understand more than I would ever have given him credit for. I remember the woman in the subway, the dark angel whom I looked at for so long, but did not look at directly. Her blank gaze now seems, not despondent, but indifferent. In my mind, her hair appears to be so unnaturally straight, so perfectly strange. Perhaps if I had pulled my eyes away from her reflection, and looked at her, she would have seemed bare and disappointing.

Though the silent gargoyle does not ask it, I judge a third time. And this time, when I look back, he is no longer hideous, but the most beautiful monster that I have ever seen.

— Ada Lin, I



LEAVING LATIN

Today dazzled with the green that Dylan Thomas writes of in *Fern Hill*. It made for a vibrant tapestry in the Fens as the students came to the muddy waters to throw their good luck rocks deep into the dark pools. The ritual is a simple one but has endured with me and my students over the years. Throw your rock clear in to the water as the class circles around and shouts good luck to you with joyous emphasis on your name... Whether or not the gods who oversee the AP test look kindly on such a ritual, it was reassuring to the 50 students standing and shouting in the sunlight. For them their long nights of study-syntax forever etched in their brains like some strange refrain of a haunting song- were over.

For me, it again as it always does, brought a catch to my throat as I echoed each name along with the class... This year it was a even harder to since this is the last time I will be there for the good luck toss. As those names echo, so do hundreds of others who, over the years have stitched a tapestry of words, ideas, songs, paintings, and stand up performances that has become a work or rare beauty. Solomon soaring, the white whale plumbing some depths that we try to fathom, Hester's heroics inspiring... Clara conjuring kind spirits, Gogol teaching us to cherish our names and our family legacies... You took the wisdom of great authors and shaped understandings that were often epiphanies like sunlight pouring through our windows even in the grey of Boston winter.

What a privilege to witness all of your creations and all of your insights. Opening the pages of every new *Register* I was awed by a sense of appreciation for the creative gifts that you share so generously. What an inspiration to hear of your family stories, so many of them brave coming to America sagas that you are blessed to tell and not let us forget. Every day, as the tapestry was woven brighter and more beautiful, you each helped to make this classroom a lofty place that I have been honored to call home.

For each of you I wish nothing less than:

"Days of dappled sea borne clouds " as Joyce said so well.

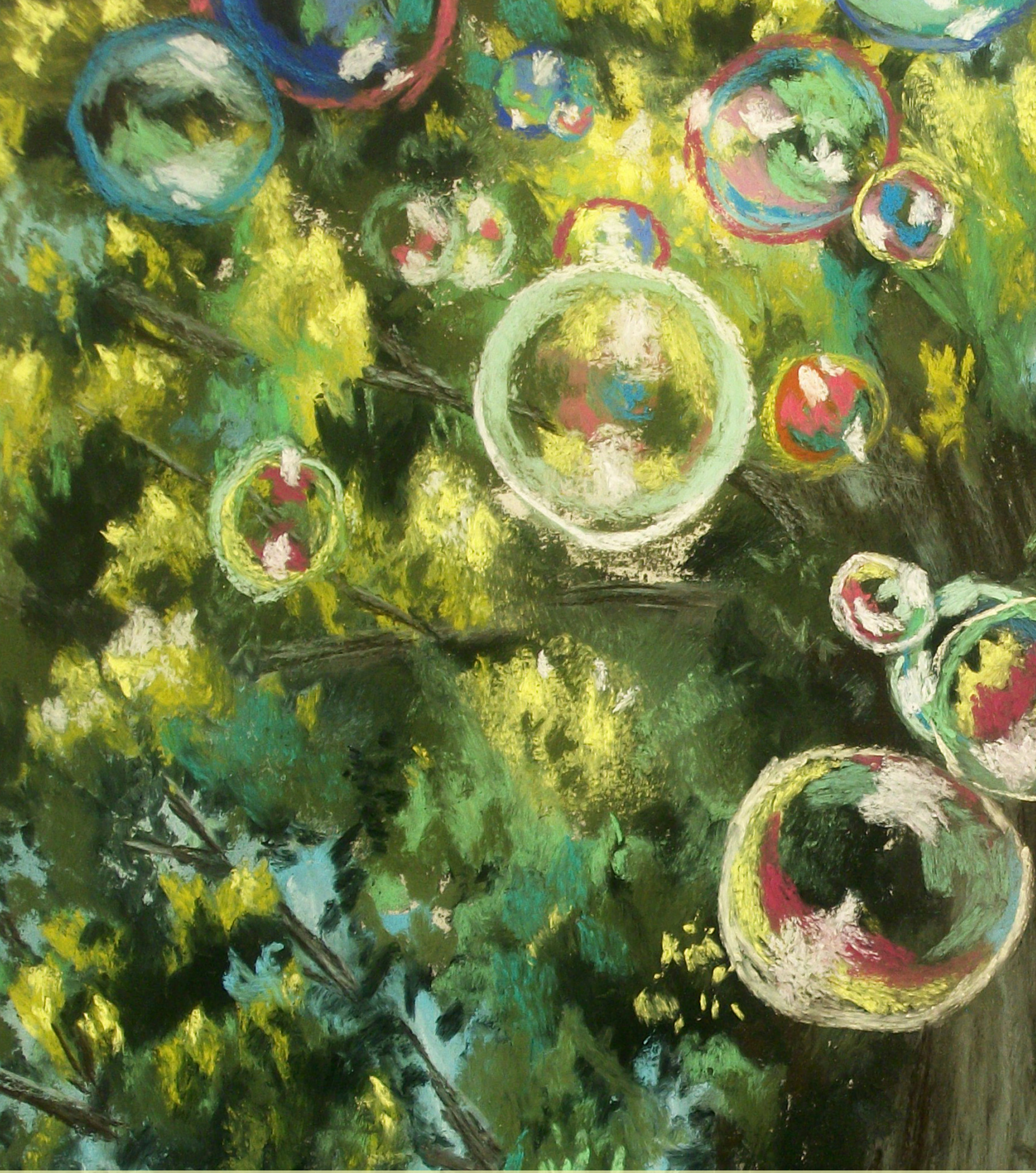
Continue to inspire others with the courage of your convictions and your desire to change the world.

Be a hero to animals and children and all who will benefit from your tireless devotion. You have all been heroes to me. ...For that I will always be grateful.

— Nancy O'Malley







In Commemoration of Nancy O'Malley

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL | 78 AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR | BOSTON, MA 02115